

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for
Simulating the Food and Regulating
the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WATKINS

Phlegm, Cough,
Diarrhea, Colic,
Stomach Pain,
Wind, Spasms,
Convulsions, Fever,
Sore Throat, Whooping
Cough, Scurvy, Rickets,
Hemorrhoids, Piles,
Bleeding Gums, etc.

A perfect Remedy for Constipa-
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Pac-Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Watkins
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and
Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CIGAR-BOX STORY

How Two Lovers Were Reunited
by a Label on a Box.

By H. M. EGBERT.

It was in the splendor of the Florida sunset that Ned Murdoch told Dolores of his love.

He was resting upon his oars, half way between the mainland and Cypress Key. Under their boat the blue tides ran swiftly; the rustling palm-trees filled the air with murmurs; the scent of the blossoming orange trees was borne out to them from the inland groves. And from west to east the sky was aflame with crimson.

"Dolores," said the young planter, "will you stay here and marry me?"

She started and looked at him intently. A warm red colored her cheeks, and the slanting, sidelong glance of her eyes became direct, and then her eyelids veiled it.

"Your wife!" she murmured, and her fingers clutched the rowlocks convulsively for a moment. "No!" she continued hurriedly. "You don't know who I am or anything about me."

"I don't care," Murdoch cried. "I know that I love you. It isn't much I offer you—it's very different here from what you have at home in Tampa."

"At home in Tampa," she repeated mechanically, in her quaint Spanish accent.

She had drifted into Big Cypress in May, when the last of the tourists had left Florida and the hotel was closed. She had come from Tampa, she explained languidly; a touch of fever, a need for rest, for change. No, she had never been so far north before, or to so little a place. She rented a little cottage near the house.

Since then two weeks had passed, and on the morrow she was to go. She would never come back, they knew, that brilliant bird of passage who had lingered there, talking with the fishermen, petting the fat children upon the wharves, or reclining lazily in the shade of a palmetto tree, puffing at her vanilla cigarette—a habit admired by the men but made the subject of vicious comment by the fishermen's wives. Sometimes Ned Murdoch would take her in his flat-bottomed boat from key to key, to hunt for the elusive tarpon or to gather a catch of mackerel for the evening meal at her cottage upon the shore. They had grown intimate, he and she, and she had exercised her arts upon him during those lonely sails, during their long walks on the beach, and, seeing the worship in his eyes, she had made her conquest sure. Why should he not succumb, this simple countryman, rich, according to local standards, but hopelessly ignorant of the world, gauche, rustic, and simple?

It was thought at Big Cypress that she must be the daughter of some one of the Tampa cigar kings—men who had built up the prosperity of the town in a generation, and yet retained their Spanish speech and customs amid the ceaseless changes, the Americanization of the old Spanish city.

"No," she answered Murdoch in agitation. "I must go home. It is impossible."

Ned Murdoch rowed her back and left her at the cottage door. He raised his hat and went, turned at the end of the beach and looked back to see her standing there, watching him, a slight and graceful figure framed in the rustic door. Next morning she left for Tampa. He did not see her again.

She was gone, and Big Cypress swiftly forgot her. The summer passed; new tourists came in October; only Ned Murdoch remembered her. His love increased with its hopelessness. Often he would timidly inquire concerning her from some Tampa visitor, veiling his inquiries discreetly; but none recognized his description.

Then the event occurred which changed his life. One evening, at the hotel, a tourist offered him a cigar from the box. He took one and then snatched the box from the man's hand and stood staring at it like a man hypnotized. For there on the inside of the lid was Dolores. It was impossible to mistake those features; the dark hair, the beautiful eyes, the mouth, drooping a little wearily, half petulant, half sad.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, handing back the box. Then he could no longer restrain himself. "I know her!" he cried, indicating the portrait on the lid. "She was here last summer and—"

"And you want to find her again?" inquired the visitor in amusement. "Well, my boy, why don't you go to Tampa and inquire of the makers—Juan Desproches y Ca? There's the name on the lid."

"She must be his daughter, then," said Murdoch eagerly.

"Without doubt," answered the stranger drily. "Take another cigar."

That cigar seemed the best that Ned had ever smoked. All night he paced the beach in an ecstasy of happiness. He would find her now—why had he never thought of going to Tampa before? He would find her and bring her back to be his wife. He felt superhuman strength and resourcefulness. He was sure she had loved him, and he could make her love him again. He would devote a life of service to her. He knew he would succeed.

He took the morning train for Tampa and made his way to the cigar factory. There, having obtained an interview with the manufacturer, he stated his case boldly.

"You are under a mistake, señor,"

said the Spaniard coldly, when Murdoch had finished. "I have no daughter. If I had one I might find your suggestion insulting, sir."

"But—" stammered the other.

"It is not our custom, sir, to place the portraits of our daughters upon cigar boxes for the inspection of the world. However, I think you are sincere, and, as I happen to know where you can find the Benorita Dolores, I will tell you. Go to number 102 Avenida Otranta at nine o'clock this evening and you will assuredly meet her there."

He bowed and, with a cynical smile, passed into his office, shrugging his shoulders. He was a very busy man, and whatever of sentiment there had been in his nature had long ago been driven out by Americanization. Still, it was droll, very droll! He wished he could spare the time to go to the Avenida that evening in order to witness their meeting. However—he shrugged his shoulders again and speedily forgot the matter.

In Bull's cabaret, No. 193 Avenida Otranta, the usual throng was assembled at nine o'clock that evening. Senior Bull, an enterprising Yankee from Philadelphia, certainly knew how to cater to the tastes of his patrons. Senior Bull's wines, for example, had never seen any but European suns; they were not doctored, homegrown admixtures. And Senior Bull's singing and dancing ladies were no fifth-rate café chantant entertainers, but celebrities from New York and Havana. As for Seniorita Dolores, he had picked her up in an obscure music hall, and it was shrewdly said that the ten days' scandal which had brought her into the lime-light had been actually engineered, if not invented, by Senior Bull himself. Certainly the seniorita, whose portrait adorned cigar-boxes, bill posters, and other such places, justified her fame, for few could dance more divinely or set the hearts of Tampa's youths beating more wildly.

When she came forward on the stage that night the audience at the little tables broke into a storm of bravos. Attired as a matador, in short scarlet skirts, holding her dart with its fluttering banderole, she bowed and kissed her hands to the audience and capered forward and began her song.

It was a fine song and it went to the hearts of the Cubans who heard her. It told of wine and love and battle, so rousing their spirits that they saw in the seniorita the veritable incarnation of those things. They stood up on the floor, upon the chairs, waving their hats, shouting for an encore. And, whirling in the play of colored lights, until she seemed like a sea fairy entangled in masses of filmy drapery, the seniorita spun.

Then, all of a sudden, she stopped. She stopped and stood perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the audience—no, on one of the audience; on a man who came forward, elbowing his way through the crowds and pushing forward toward the stage. He tossed aside the men who stood in his way, flung the ushers aside as though they were puppets; tables went crashing down, with their assembled glasses, and chairs sent spinning among the audience. And still he pressed forward; he gained the stage, leaping upon it over the footlights. Still the seniorita stood dumb and motionless, but there was a look of horror in her eyes, and now she put up her hands as though to hide her face. That was all that the audience saw, for the curtain fell and hid them, and in front of it a heaving multitude of men raged and shouted and demanded the seniorita; while some, suspecting a tragedy, began crowding toward the exit, to intercept the seniorita at the stage door.

But Murdoch knew nothing save that he had found her again. He drew her into the wings, and, holding her hands, stood gazing at her triumphantly.

"Come!" he said.

"Come? Where?" echoed the seniorita, for the first time finding her voice. But it was broken with tears and filled with shame. The banderole, fluttering from the lance which she still held, the spangled dress with its abbreviated, scarlet skirt, looked pitifully tawdry now.

"Why did you come here?" she sobbed indignantly. "Why couldn't you have forgotten me? You have no right to judge me because I am just a dancing girl."

"I haven't judged you," said Murdoch quietly. "I want you to come with me. Answer me one question, Dolores. Do you love me—or rather did you love me that day when I asked you to be my wife?"

"Yes, I loved you," she said. "But how could I tell you what I was—you, who would never have understood? You have never met women like me. Do you want to know why I went to Big Cypress? I hated my life, I wanted to be free. I wanted to forget myself and never remember what I was. But when I met you I saw how deep a gulf lay between. I knew then that I never could escape my destiny. I was just a Cuban dancing girl, making a spectacle of myself night after night for money, and if I had married you and not told you that I was the notorious Dolores Gracia some day you would have discovered it. I couldn't bring that dishonor upon you. So I came back. Now leave me."

Murdoch laughed rather grimly as he found her cloak and folded it about her.

"Come, Dolores," he said. "I haven't found you to lose you again. Perhaps you never had a chance to be anything else. But there's happiness enough in my heart just now to fill yours too." He raised her hands and pressed them to his lips.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. O. Chapman.)

Hopkinsville Market

Quotations.

Corrected Jan'y 8, 1913.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clear 14c and 15c per pound.

Country bacon, 15c per pound.

Black-eyed peas, \$3.25 per bushel.

Country shoulders, 12c per pound.

Country hams, 20c per pound.

Irish potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel.

Northern eating Rural potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel.

Texas eating onions, \$1.30 per bushel.

Red eating onions, \$1.30 per bushel.

Dried Navy beans, \$3.40 per bushel.

Cabbage, 1 1/2 cents a pound.

Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.

Country dried apples, 10c per pound, 3 for 25c.

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.

Fresh Eggs 30c per doz.

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons 30c per doz.

Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.

Bananas, 20c and 25c doz.

New York State apples \$3.00 to \$6.00 per bushel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12c per pound.

Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.

Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks 8c per pound; live turkeys, 14c per pound.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.

Mayapple, 34c; pink root, 12c and 13c.

Tallow—No. 1, 4 1/2; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Barry, 10c to 17c; Clean Grease, 21c. medium, tub washed 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 bet ter demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5 1/2.

Fresh country eggs, 23 cents per dozen.

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

No. 1 timothy hay, \$24.00.

No. 1 clover hay, \$23.00.

Clean, bright straw hay, 25c bale.

Alfalfa hay, \$25.00.

White seed oats, 50c.

Black seed oats, 50c.

Mixed seed oats, 65c.

No. 2 white corn, 80c.

Winter wheat bran, \$28.00.

DR. G. P. ISBELL

Veterinary Physician & Surgeon
Office and Hospital Cor. 7th and Rail-
road.
Both Phones

Dr. R. F. McDaniel.

Practice Limited to Diseases of
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

J. B. Allensworth,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office: Hopper Building, Up Stairs.
Front Court House.
Both Phones Hopkinsville, K.

Hotel Latham
Barber Shop

Fine Bath Rooms. Four
First Class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, PROPR.

DR. FEIRSTEIN, Dentist

Office Over
Waller & Trice
Phone 419

HUGH MCSHANE,
THE PLUMBER.
Both Phones. 312 S. Main St.

SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure
Guaranteed to Please
Every Gardener and
Planter should test the
superior merits of our
Northern Grown Seeds.

SPECIAL OFFER

FOR 10 CENTS
we will send postpaid our
FAMOUS COLLECTION

1 doz. 100 Day Tomatoes . . . 50c
1 doz. Pinks Radishes . . . 50c
1 doz. Early Green Cylinders . . . 50c
1 doz. Early Green Head Cabbages . . . 50c
1 doz. Fullerton Market Lettuce . . . 50c
Also 12 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds . . . 50c

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage,
packing and reserve the above "Famous Collection,"
together with our Free and instructive Garden Guide.
GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO.
1888 Rose St. Rockford, Illinois

Madam, Read McCall's
The Fashion Authority

McCall's is a large, artistic, hand-
somely illustrated 100-page monthly
Magazine that is adding to the happi-
ness and efficiency of 1,000,000
women each month.

Each issue is bristling with fashions, inter-
esting short stories, and scores
of labor-saving and money-saving ideas
for women. There are more than 50 of
the newest designs of the celebrated
McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.

McCALL PATTERNS are famous for
style, fit, simplicity and economy. Only
10 and 15 cents each.

The publishers of McCall's will send
thousands of dollars extra in the coming
months in order to keep McCall's bound
and shoulders above all other women's
magazines at any price. However,
McCall's is only \$5 a year; positively
worth \$10.

You May Select Any One McCall Pattern Free
from your first copy of McCall's, if you
subscribe quickly.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 West 37th St., New York

NOTE—Ask for a free copy of McCall's wonder-
ful new premium catalogue. Sample copy and pat-
tern catalogue also free on request.

Courier-Journal

For 1913

You can not keep posted on current events
unless you read the
COURIER-JOURNAL

(LOUISVILLE, KY.—HENRY WATKINSON, EDITOR)

A Democratic President

Has been elected, and an era of Prosperity
has set in. You can get

Weekly Courier-Journal

AND THE

Hopkinsville Kentuckian

Both One Year For

\$2.50

Regular price of Weekly Courier-Journal
\$1.00 a year. We can also make a special
rate on Daily or Sunday Courier-Journal in
combination with this paper.

Kentuckian

—AND—

Daily Courier-Journal

Both One Year For

\$5.00

Subscribe at Once, as This
GREAT OFFER
Is a Special Limited Rate.

To Get Advantage of This Cut Rate, Orders Must
Be Sent Us, NOT to Courier-Journal.

\$19.25 To New Orleans, La., and
Return, Account

Mardi Gras Celebration

Tickets on sale January 28th to February 3rd, inclusive, limited returning
to February 14th, 1913. Ticket may be extended to return not later than
March 3, upon payment of fee of \$1.00. For further information, as to
rates, schedules, Pullman reservation, etc., call on or phone

J. C. HOOE, Agent.

Dr. King's New Discovery.

Soothes irritated throat and lungs,
stops chronic and hacking cough,
relieves tickling throat, tastes nice.
Take no other; once used, always
used. Buy it at all druggists.

Advertisement.

Bee Sting Cause of Death.

While the Abbe Genoux, priest of
the parish of Plagnes, France, was out
walking at Anney, a bee flew into his
mouth and stung him in the back of
the throat. The sting brought about
acute inflammation and such a swelling
of the throat that the priest died
of suffocation within 20 minutes, after
great suffering.

Cockerels For Sale.

Several fine Barred Plymouth Rock
Cockerels for sale at prices cheap
for the quality. Nothing under \$2.
Can mate up some nice pens with
hens or pullets at \$1.50 each and up.
Some of these birds were hatched
from \$10 eggs. Best strains to be
had. Phone 449.

C. M. MEACHAM.

Advertisement.

Long-Lived.

"Oh, yes, I come of a very long-
lived family. My father cut a third
set of teeth when he was past eighty."
"That's nothing. My grandfather died
of infantile paralysis when he was
ninety-seven."

10 AND 15c

PER COPY

ALL THE LATE

Rag Songs, Etc.

—AT—

Blythe's

DRUG STORE.

COR. 9TH and CLAY